



# The Wall



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## Chapter 1 by Elizabeth

He stared into the crisp green meadow. He tilted his head to the side when he saw The Wall. The Wall had been there for half of his life; since he was 7, but he still wasn't used to it. The large, tall white wall would never stop making him curious. He couldn't remember what the world outside it was like.

He was only used to the order and symmetry of the city in which he lived. Where there more cities just like this out there? Was it a desolate landscape, like the Instructors told us? Or was it just like the way my parents would whisper to me when I pretended to be asleep.

They would whisper that there was a beautiful countryside where The Wall appeared.

## Chapter 2 by R



Climbing the wall to get a better view would be paramount to suicide, from either the extreme height or the guards always watching. No. If he wanted to see what was out there, he needed a better way.

There were no doors in the wall, no paths to take outward from above or straight forward. No, he knew the answer.

He had to go beneath.

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There had to be other people who'd been searching for a way out, trying to find what was on the other side. Maybe they hid it, maybe they gave up, but he was certain that someone had started to make a tunnel.

That's why when they said everyone had to pick interim jobs, he picked investigator.

Going around, checking out each of the buildings was a mundane and boring task. No one liked it, and everyone breathed a sigh of relief when he volunteered. It meant they wouldn't be forced in to the job.

He was glad to help.

It also gave him a perfect cover story to snoop around people's basements and see if anyone had started tunneling. Maybe it was a longshot, but it was a chance.

Like his parents told him, a chance was better than nothing.

### Chapter 3 by Jules Holmes



After almost a month of secretly searching people's basements, he found no evidence of someone trying to tunnel out.

He decided that this was a sign that he is supposed to be the one who tunnels and finally makes it out of the wall, since no one had ever done it before or even attempted. He thought to himself, I'm going to be the one that makes it out.

Over the next couple of days he began gathering supplies to tunnel outside of the wall. Then, once he finally got everything needed, including his courage, he began the tunneling. He had already mapped out exactly where he needed to tunnel a couple days before, so he could do it as fast as possible.

Then, after many days and nights of tunneling to the outside the wall he has almost made it. As he slowly chipped away the dirt above him he began to see a bright light shining through the

cracks. Piece by piece he dug at the dirt until all he saw was the bright shining sky resembling his greatest achievement and he was out. He nervously climbed up to the Earth's surface he wondered

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Chapter 4 by CallieBuzzy



He peered around the immediate surroundings of the hole he had made and, fortunately, saw what he had always dreamed of: a land without concrete, buildings, or streets. It was beautiful. As he turned his head to the right, he nearly fell backwards into the hole when he saw a frightened, trembling boy gawking at him. The two young men stared at each other, each with wide eyes. Matius, the city inspector was dressed smartly in an inspectors uniform, holding a shovel in his right hand. The boy was dressed in rags that were caked in wet mud and leaves. He had short, black dreads and a pair of circular goggles hanging around his neck. He held a book in one hand and an apple in the other, a large bite of it hanging out of his mouth. The boy looked down, locked eyes with Matius's uniform and bolted. He spit out the apple and threw the rest down on the ground as he ran. Matius's chased him. They ran alongside the wall for what felt like hours. Matius's began to sweat through his heavy, wool clothes. He looked up again and realized with horror that the boy did not seem to be tiring at all. Just as he began to give up, the boy took a sharp turn and disappeared into a hole in the wall. Matius stopped short in his tracks. He had searched the sides of these walls for his whole life. How had he missed this?

### Chapter 5 by Darth Vader



Matius felt around on The Wall for some sort of secret passage or button. He came across a holographic section of the wall and walked straight through it and entered some sort of fortress? He peered around and saw a guard advancing towards him and quickly backed through to the other side of The Wall. After he was sure that the guard had passed he walked into the fortress and started exploring it. "Real Maginot Line." He whispered to himself. He suddenly realized that there were no security cameras. 'Why no security cameras?' He thought to himself. He came across a symbol that sent shivers up his spine. The Government's silver national Coat of Arms. 'There must be some sort of monitoring here.' He thought. As a test when a guard came along, he hid himself in one of the many passages leading to other rooms. When the guard came along, he prodded him to see if he would react. The guard kept on walking as if nothing had happened. Interesting.

### Chapter 6 by Kara



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Thank you." The intercom buzzed and clicked off, but Matius's attention was now focused on the legions of teenage youth - no older than 20 -- suddenly bursting out of mess halls and dormitories and libraries and spilling onto the streets. They talked and laughed just like normal teenagers would do, but these were not normal teenagers. No, what absolutely floored Matius was the black weaponry and bulletproof vests and heavy duty rifles that these children carried. They were armed to the teeth! Why on earth would-?

The same emotionless voice buzzed in his ear again. Matius rubbed the side of his head and moved away from the speaker just as it began talking. "Attention, all soldiers. A breach in security has been detected. This is not a drill. Please exert caution and rational thinking as you continue with your afternoon conditioning. Thank you."

Matius blinked. A breach in security? They couldn't possibly be talking about HIM. Right? Matius took a deep, shaky breath. He decided it was wise to keep himself hidden regardless.

## Chapter 7 by Karapian



As the day went on, so did his energy. At this point, Matius had grown to the point of near blackout, and wanted to take off, but his curiosity got the better of him. As he came near a set of stairs, here saw the kid that he met outside of the wall, except, handcuffed. About four teenagers surrounded the child, and bringing him down the step of the stairwell, a track of water followed, caused by the tears of the lonesome child.

Matius was in awe struck as he looked at the kid's face, and what took him by surprise wasn't the fact that he was crying, or the fact that he was being hauled off by so ironclad teenagers. No, it was, as he could see as clear as daylight, no other than himself at the age of 7. It was as if he was looking at an old video of himself, except it wasn't, it was all in flesh in blood, right in front of his eyes.

Matius quickly went behind the doorway to the stairs, only to knock into some more heavily-armed teenagers, and what unsued afterwards can only be summed up as a scene from any

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in, and he began dodging the bullets that were raining down from above. He knew that his life was now endangered, but he knew that he had to make it, just so he can find out what was really going on.

### Chapter 8 by R



He ran swiftly to the wall, dodging the rain of bullets until he could touch the holographic panel that led to the mysterious section he had been so little before.

He struggled trying to find it, walking carefully along the side of the wall running his hands along, trying to find which section wasn't real, but nothing was giving way.

It had to be here! He remembered it being here! He knew it!

Then he felt the first bullet hit him. It came travelling through his arm leaving a bloody path, that splattered against the wall. There was nothing, and then a sharp pain that caused him to fall down.

But he couldn't get down. He couldn't die here. He had to get through.

As he had fallen he noticed that his arm had passed through the wall. He had done it. He had found the section. He stood up, slowly, ready to pass through.

Then the next bullet came.

It didn't go through his arm this time.

He stood up stumbling and the bullet flew through his head with such force that he fell forward, through the wall, and in to the whatever that lay beyond.

His body lay there, dead within moments, completely outside the wall.

**the end**

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